

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter I—Continued.

"Cocks and hens," cried the little girl, "gaily pointing at their ill-omened forms, and clapping her hands to make them rise. 'Say, did God make this country?'"

"In course he did," said her companion, "rather startled by this unexpected question."

"He made the country down in Illinois, and He made the Missouri," the little girl continued. "I guess somebody else made the country in these parts. It's not nearly so well done. They forgot the water and the trees."

"What would you think of offering up prayer?" the man asked diffidently. "It ain't right yet," she answered. "It don't matter. It ain't quite regular, but He won't mind that, you bet? You say over them ones that you used to say every night in the wagon when we was on the plains."

"Why don't you say some yourself?" the child asked, with wondering eyes. "I disremember them," he answered. "I hadn't said none since I was half the height of that gun. I guess it's never too late. You say them out, and I'll stand by and come in on the chorus."

"Then you'll say the Lord's prayer for me, too," she said, "and the show will do for that purpose. 'You've got to put your hands up like this. It makes you feel kind of good.'"

It was a strange sight, had there been anything but the buzzards to see it. Side by side on the narrow shawl knelt the two wanderers—the little, prattling child and the reckless, hardened adventurer.

Her chubby face and his haggard, angular visage were both turned up to the cloudless heaven in heart-felt entreaty to that dread being with whom they were face to face, while the two voices—the one thin and clear, the other deep and harsh—united in the entreaty for mercy and forgiveness.

The prayer finished, they resumed their seat in the shadow of the bowler until the child fell asleep, nestling upon the broad breast of her protector.

He watched over her slumber for some time, but Nature proved to be too strong for him.

For three days and three nights he had allowed himself neither rest nor repose.

Slowly the eyelids drooped over the tired eyes, and the head sunk lower and lower upon the breast, until the man's grizzled beard was mixed with the golden tresses of his companion, and both slept the same deep and dreamless slumber.

Had the wanderer remained awake for another half hour a strange sight would have met the gaze of any one who should have seen the scene.

Far away on the extreme verge of the alkali plain, there arose up a little spray of dust, very slight at first, and hardly to be distinguished from the mists of the distance, but gradually growing higher and broader until it formed a solid, well-defined cloud.

This cloud continued to increase in size until it became evident that it could only be raised by a great multitude of moving creatures.

In more fertile spots the observer would have come to the conclusion that one of those great herds of bisons which graze upon the prairie land was approaching him.

This was obviously impossible in these arid wilds. As the whirl of dust drew nearer to the solitary blue upon which the two castaways were resting, the canvas-covered tilts of wagons and the figures of armed horsemen began to show up through the haze, and the apparition revealed itself as being a great caravan upon its journey for the West.

But what a caravan! When the head of it had reached the base of the mountains the rear was not yet visible on the horizon.

Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array, wagons and carts, men on horseback, and men on foot. Innumerable women who staggered along under burdens, and children who toddled beside the wagons or peeped out from under the white coverings.

This was evidently no ordinary party of immigrants, but rather some nomad people who had been compelled through stress of circumstances to seek a new country.

There rose through the clear air a confused clattering as of rattling from the great mass of humanity, with the creaking of wheels and the neighing of horses.

Loud as it was, it was not sufficient to rouse the two tired wayfarers above them.

At the head of the column there rode a score or more of grave, iron-faced men clad in sombre homespun garments and armed with rifles.

On reaching the base of the bluff they halted and held a short council among themselves.

"The walls are," to the right, my brothers," said one a hard-lipped, clean-shaven man with grizzly hair.

"To the right of the Sierra Blanco—so we shall reach the Rio Grande," said another.

"Fear not for water," cried a third. "He who could draw it from the rocks will not now abandon His own chosen people."

"Amen! Amen!" responded the whole party.

They were about to resume their journey when one of the youngest and kindest-eyed uttered an exclamation and pointed up at the rugged crag above them.

From its summit there fluttered a little wisp of pink, showing up hard and bright against the gray rocks behind.

"At the sight there was a general reining up of horses and unslinging of guns, while fresh horsemen came galloping up to reinforce the vanguard. The word 'Redskins' was on every lip.

"There can't be any number of Indians here," said the man who appeared to be in command. "We have passed the Pawnees, and there are no other tribes until we cross the great mountains."

"Shall I go forward and see, Brother Stangerson?" asked one of the band. "And I," and I," cried a dozen voices.

"Leave your horses below and we will wait you here," the elder answered. "In a moment the young fellows had dismounted, fastened their horses, and were ascending the precipitous slope which led up to the object which had excited their curiosity.

Suddenly his followers saw him throw up his hands, as though overcome with astonishment, and on joining him they were affected in the same way by the sight which met their eyes.

On the little plateau which crowned the barren hill there stood a single giant boulder, and against this boulder there lay a tall man, long bearded and hand featured, but of an excessive thinness.

His placid face and regular breathing showed that he was fast asleep. Beside him lay a little child, with her white arms encircling his brown, sinewy neck, and her golden hair being resting upon the breast of his velvet tunic.

Her rosy lips were parted, showing the regular line of snow white teeth within, and a playful smile played over her infantile features.

For plump little white legs, terminating in white socks and neat shoes with shining buckles, offered a strange contrast to the long, shriveled members of her companion.

On the ledge of rock above this strange couple there stood three solemn buzzards, and at the sight of the newcomers, uttered raucous screams of disappointment and flapped sullenly away.

The cries of the foul birds awoke the two sleepers, who stared about them in bewilderment.

The man staggered to his feet and looked down upon the plain which had been so desolate when sleep had overtaken him, and which was now traversed by this enormous body of men and beasts.

His face assumed an expression of incredulity as he gazed, and he passed his bony hand over his eyes.

"This is what they call delirium, I guess," he muttered.

The child stood beside him holding on to the skirt of his coat, and said nothing, but looked all around her with the wondering, questioning gaze of childhood.

The rescuing party were speedily able to convince the two castaways that their appearance was no delusion.

One of them seized the little girl, and hoisted her upon his shoulder, while two others supported her gaunt companion and assisted him toward the wagons.

"My name is John Ferrier," the wanderer explained; "me and that little un are all that's left of twenty-three people. The rest is all dead or thirst and hunger away down in the south."

"Is she your child?" asked one, "I guess she is now," the other cried, defiantly; "she's mine 'cause I saved her. No man will take her away from me. She's Lucy Ferrier from this day on. Who are you, though?" he continued, glancing with curiosity at the stalwart, sunburned rescuers; "there seems to be a powerful lot of ye."

"Nigh upon ten thousand," said one of the young men; "we are the persecuted children of God—the chosen of the angel Merona."

"I never heard tell of him," said the wanderer. "He appears to have chosen a fair crowd of ye."

"Do not jest at that which is sacred," said the other, sternly. "We are of those who believe in those sacred writings, drawn in Egyptian letters on plates of beaten gold, which were handed unto the holy Joseph Smith, at Palmyra. We have come from Nauvoo, in the State of Illinois, where we have founded our temple. We have come to seek refuge from the violent man and from the godless, even though it be in the heart of the desert."

The name Nauvoo evidently recalled recollections to John Ferrier.

"I see," he said, "you are the Mormons."

"We are the Mormons," answered his companions, with one voice. "And where are you going?"

"We do not know. The hand of God is leading us under the person of our prophet. You must come before him. He shall say what is to be done with you."

"They had reached the base of the hill by this time, and were surrounded by crowds of the pilgrims—pale-faced, meek-looking women, strong, laughing children, and anxious, earnest-eyed men.

Many were the cries of astonishment and of commiseration which arose from them when they perceived the youth of one of the strangers and the destitution of the other.

Their escort did not halt, however, but pushed on, followed by a great crowd of Mormons, until they reached a wagon which was conspicuous for its great size and for the gauntness and smartness of its appearance.

Six horses were yoked to it, whereas the others were furnished with two—or, at most, four—apiece.

Beside the driver there sat a man who could not have been more than thirty years of age, but whose massive head and resolute expression marked him as a leader.

He was reading a brown backed volume, but as the crowd approached he laid it aside, and listened attentively to an account of the episode.

Then he turned to the two castaways. "If we take you with us," he said in solemn tones, "it can only be as brothers in our solemn creed. We shall have no wolves in our fold. Better far that your bones should bleach in this wilderness than that you should prove to be that little speck of decay which in time corrupts the whole fruit. Will you come with us on these terms?"

"Guess I'll come with you on any terms," said Ferrier, with such emphasis that the grave elders could not restrain a smile. The leader alone retained his stern, impressive expression.

"Take him, Brother Stangerson," he said; "give him food and drink, and the child likewise. Let it be your task also to teach him our holy creed. We have delayed long enough. Forward! On—on to Zion!"

"On—on to Zion!" cried the crowd of Mormons, and the wrights rippled down the long caravan, passing from mouth to mouth until they died away in a dull murmur in the far distance. With a cracking of whips and a creaking of wheels the great wagon got into motion, and soon the whole caravan was winding along once more.

The elder to whose care the two wails had been committed led them to his wagon, where a meal was already awaiting them.

with the voice of Joseph Smith, which is the voice of God."

CHAPTER II.

This is not the place to commemorate the trials and privations endured by the immigrant Mormons before they came to their final haven.

From the shores of the Mississippi to the western slopes of the Rocky mountains they had struggled with a constancy almost unparalleled in history.

The savage man and the savage beast, hunger, thirst, fatigue and disease—every impediment which Nature could place in the way had all been overcome with Anglo-Saxon tenacity.

Yet the long journey and the accumulated terrors had shaken the hearts of the stoutest among them.

There was not one who did not sink upon his knees in heartfelt prayer when they saw the broad valley of Utah bathed in the sunlight beneath them, and learned from the lips of their leader that this was the promised land, and that these virgin acres were to be theirs for evermore.

Young speedily proved himself to be a skillful administrator as well as a brave chief.

Maps were drawn and charts prepared, in which the future city was sketched out.

All around farms were apportioned and allotted in proportion to the standing of each individual.

The tradesman was put to his trade and the artisan to his calling. In the town streets and squares sprang up as if by magic.

In the country there was draining and hedging, planting and clearing, until the next Summer saw the whole country golden with the wheat crop. Everything prospered in the strange settlement.

Above all, the great temple which they had erected in the center of the city grew ever taller and larger.

From the first blush of dawn until the closing of the twilight, the clatter of the hammer and the rasp of the saw was never absent from the monument which the immigrants erected to Him who had led them safe through many dangers.

The two castaways, John Ferrier and the little girl who had shared his fortunes and had been adopted as his daughter, accompanied the Mormons to the end of their great pilgrimage.

Little Lucy Ferrier was borne along pleasantly enough. In Elder Stangerson's wagon, a retreat which she shared with the Mormon's three wives and with his son, a headstrong, forward boy of twelve.

Having rallied, with the elasticity of childhood, from the shock caused by her mother's death, she soon became a pet with the women, and reconciled herself to this new life in her moving canvas-covered home.

(To be continued.)

CONTENDING FOR A PRINCIPLE.

Good Example of the Quibbles That Prevail in Legal Practice.

An English writer gives a good example of those quibbles in legal practice that have a sort of fascination for certain minds. Some years ago, while traveling on the continent, he met the principal lawyer for the government of one of the principalities, who told him of a curious legal question. It had reference to a railway station at the boundary between two principalities.

Someone standing outside the window of the ticket office had put his hand through and robbed the till inside. The boundary line lay between where the thief stood and the till, so that he was actually in one territory while the crime was committed in another. Here was a nice nut for the gentlemen learned in the law to crack. Which of the principalities should undertake the prosecution of the criminal?

At it they went in good earnest, and the arguments on either side were long and vehement, till the whole case was embalmed in many volumes. At last one side yielded so far as to say:

"I will permit you, as an act of courtesy, to prosecute, while at the same time reserving all our sovereign rights."

At this point of the recital I asked: "And how did the prosecution end?"

"Ah! That is quite another matter," said my friend. "There was no prosecution; we were only arranging what we should do when we caught the robber; but we never caught him!"—Youths' Companion.

Fearful Cold of Siberia.

There are still many drawbacks to travel on the great Siberian railway, but one of the greatest is the discomfort to which third-class passengers, especially native Chinese, are subjected. The past winter was unusually severe, yet the rolling stock is so inadequate that the Chinese ride in open freight cars. In January and February, when the thermometer registered from 30 to 40 degrees below the freezing point, the Chinese sat in crowds on the frozen tracks and frequently froze to death. On one terrible night in February 15 Chinese perished and about 150 others suffered terribly from frost bites and exposure.

The Trappists.

Many letters come to the monastery announcing the death of relatives, the monks; these are seen by the abbot only, and at chapter he may simply announce: "The mother of one of our number is dead; let us pray for her soul."

Never to his dying day does the bearded Trappist learn that he was praying for his own mother.

The Money of Babylon.

The great and ancient empires of Assyria and Babylonia adhered for ages to primitive blocks of copper and ingots of gold and silver and did not, therefore, have an imperial coinage. They possessed a system of banking, however, which was complete and well developed.

Dangerous Medicines.

Certain medicines—including cinchona salts, salicylic acid, mercury, tobacco, alcohol, carbonic oxide, lead, chloroform and ether—have been reported especially dangerous to hearing and liable to cause deafness.

Pineapple Juice.

The best lubricant for the organs of the throat is pineapple juice. It is said that people living in countries where the cone shaped fruit is grown never suffer from bronchial affections.

Lessened Cost of Travel.

Before the Siberian railway was available, a trip from London to Shanghai cost from \$325 to \$475. Now it can be made for from \$65, third class, to \$160, first class.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a friend of the afflicted and an enemy to pain—which it overcomes.

Bee Selects Queen Home.

Some bees of thread in a factory at Braintree, Devonshire, have been chosen as a home by a solitary bee, which is now actively engaged filling them with honey.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes easy. It is a certain cure for aching, swollen and swollen, tired feet, itching feet. Try it today. At all druggists. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Premonition Proved True.

A sensational case of coincidence recently occurred at Newport. Mr. Charles Ansoe, the proprietor of the Potter's Arms hotel, had a presentiment that he would die on the anniversary of the death of his wife, who fell and fractured her skull a year ago. His friends tried to laugh him out of it, but he was found dead in bed at 5 o'clock a few mornings ago—exactly a year after his wife's fatal accident.

She Might.

His medical adviser—You won't last long at this rate, young man. You are burning the candle at both ends. Gayby—Very well, doctor. When the candle is burnt out I'll light the gas.

Failed to Scare Him.

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Acting the Part.

"Since he married that rich girl I understand Dabney leads a dog's life." "I expected as much."

"You, he does nothing but eat, lie around the house and growl."—Philadelphia North American.

FITS Permanently Cures. It is the most powerful after first use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, and all pains of the body. Price 50 cents. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Regret.

Mamma—Why, Willie, you asked for two pieces of candy, and you got them. Aren't you satisfied?

Willie—No'm, I ain't. You gave up so easy 'I'm jest kinkin' myself 'cause I didn't ask you for more.

Not Able to Share It.

Howett—The editor says it will be at least a year before he can publish my poem. That's a long time to wait.

Jewett—Yes; you might die, and then the whole disgrace would fall on your family.—New York Herald.

Druidical Ruins in England.

Druidical remains, several "plague stones," erected about 1450 A. D., 50 old market crosses and 40 stocks or their remains, are among the ancient monuments now to be found in the west riding of Yorkshire, England.

Mother's Will.

Mother's Will. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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